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On Your Mark—



It's Spring, Tra-La

"If winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

Those famous lines, written by Shelley in his "Ode to the West Wind," probably have more meaning in areas where the rigors of winter cause a hopeful anticipation of the coming of spring.

Torrance and other parts of the Southland could hardly be accused of enduring the rigors of winter during the past few days—in fact, it was far closer to the rigors of summer here Tuesday when the temperature clock rose to a stifling 88 degrees after lunch.

By the calendar, Californians know that spring is close. In fact, it'll arrive tomorrow.

Without the rigors of a snowbound, frost-bitten winter, however, the Californian can spot many unmistakable signs of spring—even in torrid weather.

The sidewalk-busting elm trees along the city's streets are leafing out, gathering strength for new assaults on concrete and lawn; fruit trees, stuck in here and there as ornaments, are beginning to glow with the pinks and creams of spring blossoms; and that grass around the house is getting to the stage that something is going to have to be done—lawnmower-wise.

Yes, it's spring, even in California.

Some Kite-Flying Don'ts

Although the breezes have been a little above optimum kite-flying velocities this week, the kite season is here and brings with it a word of warning from the utility company executives who like to keep the sport a safe one.

A list of rules put down by one supplier of electricity asks that the pilot of all flying kites take some simple precautions to ward off dangerous procedures.

For one thing, the utility folks don't think kite flyers should be running across streets or highways while flying their vehicles—a sensible approach to safety.

And they don't advise the use of kites with metal frames or tail. Sounds reasonable.

They're practically insistent that kite flyers stay away from tinsel string, wire, or twine with metal in it to hold the kite. Something about high-tension lines, you know.

In fact, they suggest that you stay away from power lines whatever kind of kite or string you use.

Don't fly kites in the rain—Ben Franklin to the contrary—and don't climb power poles to free tangles if your kite goes astray.

Opinions of Others

The printed words include attitudes of others, hatreds and evil. The fanatic, the fool, and the despot all utilize this tool of communication to a wide degree as well as do the wise, the intellectual, and the dreamer. . . . The pen should remain mightier than the sword, for the sword seldom has the power to settle the agitation caused by discussion of the problem. —Argo (Ill.) Leader.

As is was in the beginning, masses of people can't do the job. It takes individuals. Individuals who are willing to dedicate themselves, yes, who are willing to risk capital and criticism to build something which will open up new avenues of opportunity for progress now and in the future. This is where you and I must come in. —Alma (Mich.) Record.

Automated equipment can lift from man the crushing burdens of prolonged and difficult computation and the drudgery of slow and painful labor. It can be an inestimable help to man, but only as directed by man. Without human command and human control, the most marvelous computer, for example, would remain as useless as a pile of junk. —John F. Brennan, Columbia, Knights of Columbus.

James Dorias

Bay City Demonstrations Flouting State Statutes

Last Fall, on the Saturday night before San Francisco's mayoralty election, candidate Harold Dobbs, a restaurant chain owner, stopped by one of his places of business after an evening of campaigning. The place was a shambles.

For hours, a mob of chanting demonstrators had picketed outside the premises, charging racial discrimination in hiring policies. (Actually, the restaurant chain had a large percentage of Negro employees, and no complaints had been filed against it with the State Fair Employment Practices Commission.)

Late in the evening, the demonstrators invaded the restaurant, forcing customers outside. They refused to be served, they damaged furniture, and finally were asked to leave. As each declined to do so, and was arrested, he flung himself limp on the floor and had to be dragged out, kicking and cursing, by the police, to the cheers of a crowd that had gathered out-

side, angered at the demonstrators' tactics.

Observing this wild melee, Dobbs charged that such demonstrations could turn San Francisco into another Birmingham. Some people—who hadn't witnessed the event—were distressed at his remark.

Last week, demonstrators operating under the same auspices, took on San Francisco's Sheraton Palace Hotel, and refused to obey a court injunction limiting the picketing. A similar melee ensued.

This time, one of the demonstrators, famed comedian Dick Gregory, complained bitterly of "police brutality," and charged that San Francisco is "just like Birmingham."

Voices that were strangely silent during the demonstration against candidate Dobbs are now being heard.

The city's Mayor Shelley, whose campaign team included supporters of the demonstrations, was critical of the motives of some of the Sher-

ROYCE BRIER

Venezuelan Oil Wealth Leaves Fidel Drooling

The per capita income in Latin American countries, excluding Venezuela, ranges from \$250 to \$500. Per capita income in Venezuela is about \$1,000.

The primary reason for this unique position is petroleum, centered in the Lake Maracaibo region. From it flows 1.1 billion barrels of oil yearly.

This production is 40 percent of that of the United States (about equal to Texas), somewhat less than the combined Arabian fields, slightly under Soviet production. The take is about \$3 billion annually, and royalties provide about three-fifths of Venezuela's budget.

This is by far the biggest aggregate of capital value and income south of the United States, much larger than Brazilian coffee or Argentine livestock. The Cuban sugar industry is a mere fraction of it.

If you were a Cuban revolutionary, and couldn't get your hands on General Motors, say, Venezuelan oil would be the biggest bonanza in the Western Hemisphere.

What could you do with about \$3 billion a year? In a few years you could buy control of Brazil, not to mention Colombia and Bolivia. You might even endanger Mexico. In a decade you would have a very nice empire, a formid-

able adjunct to the Soviet empire, though you might elect to go it alone.

Don't think this purple dream hasn't been swishing around in Fidel Castro's head. That in mid-career the United States might stop him, Khrushchev or no, is a bridge to be crossed when he got to it. Meanwhile, the first step.

Last year a large cache of arms from bazookas down was found buried on a Venezuelan beach. It was mostly Belgian, sold to Senor Castro in 1959, and there were efforts to obliterate the Cuban markings.

A presidential election was coming up. Bombings and other terrorist strikes to prevent it failed.

Venezuela charged the arms were consigned to guerrillas

of the "Armed Forces of National Liberation," an outfit which has staged two abortive revolts and countless bombings and shoot-outs in Caracas and in the oil fields. But the terrorists were denied the cache for the big push.

The Organization of American States named a committee to investigate: Argentina, Colombia, Costa Rica, the United States, Uruguay. The committee hired arms experts. Now the committee has reported the arms shipment was indeed a Castro enterprise. It also reported seizure of maps and plans to equip 837 men in a final effort to capture Caracas and declare a revolution. The report recommends that OAS invoke sanctions against Cuba.

FROM the MAILBOX

'Corrupt' Tags Given New Raps

Editor, Torrance Herald

Congratulations on the splendid editorial, "The Tar Merchants," in your Thursday (March 12) edition! There are many voters in Torrance who applaud your call to put-up or shut-up on the so-called campaign issue of "corruption" in our local government. It is indeed a sad, sad thing to see our city plastered, pasted, and advertised in campaign material as a "corrupt" package. It is confusing to witness this sort of campaigning from men who claim to have the best interest of the city at heart.

It could take years of good conduct to repair the damage and image these signs alone have created in the past two months. Might I, therefore, say that some of these men of infinite wisdom and vision who would lead us have already exhibited something less than a sufficient quantity of forethought to qualify for the office they seek!

Further, the old political tactic of maligning by inference or unsubstantiated and vague charges is generally one that is employed by candidates more truly interested in forwarding personal aims than in serving the people in a forthright and dignified fashion. Anyone who uses this sort of trick is too surreptitious or clandestine for my vote, and automatically disqualifies himself as he is "small" to represent me.

As you have said, if these men are in possession of evidence to substantiate their charges, they owe it to the public to bring such evidence forth in timely fashion. After all, the voters should have

time to digest it, and to accept or dismiss it. But, equally important, these men should adopt a positive approach to campaigning. I, for one, would like to know why they are qualified for the job, not why the others are not. After all, the fact that the other fellow's lack of qualification doesn't automatically qualify anyone else for the job.

I would like to see, for instance, some evidence of how these candidates have given of themselves to the city and to civic organizations in the past, their training and experience in leadership and decision-making, their civic interest in-between elections, their zest for hard work, proof of some degree of intellect, a record of positive, honest and meaningful accomplishment.

Further, I would prefer to hear less about all that may be less than perfect in the city, and more about the positive programs and methods that these candidates would initiate to correct or improve upon existing conditions, and the reasons these programs would accelerate improvement.

In closing . . . I strongly endorse your efforts to induce some tone of reason, intelligence and maturity into this campaign, and hope you will continue to serve the public spirit in this regard.

GEORGE W. BREWSTER
EDITOR, Torrance Herald
If the teenagers from your community are planning to spend their Easter vacation in Newport Beach, Balboa Island, etc., here are some facts

AFTER HOURS By John Morley

Reflections From an Ace Reporter's Global Diary

SINGAPORE — This diary was inspired by something Dr. Arnold Toynbee, the eminent British historian, told me in Jerusalem.

"What is this life if, full of care," he said, "we don't take time to sit down and stare, at the diverse world around us."

• Met a famous British explorer in Babylon, just back from Admiral Byrd's base in Antarctica, who saw the flag of Rotary International prominently displayed there.

• From Suez to the China sea there are two kinds of small countries. Those who know it . . . and those who don't know it yet.

• Trying to popularize communism in Turkey is like trying to popularize walking in Los Angeles.

• When the psalmist in Jerusalem sang that "God has made man only a step lower than the angels" . . . he was not aware that the week before in Russia I saw just how much lower man has made man.

• It was apparent during my visit with Prime Minister Nehru of his fresh discovery of the truth about Red China, which had been known to millions of Indians all along.

• The big surprise in Africa in its day of freedom is not its violence . . . but its lack of real violence.

• "I seldom look back, even at my mistakes," President Nasser said to a group of us . . . "for that's how one falls downstairs."

• The mistake of all capitalist countries is that they presuppose a free social order in nations where it does not exist . . . and may never exist.

• Only the power of the U.S. keeps Red China from real aggression . . . and Free China from total collapse.

• Money in most countries appears to be produced with a homing-instinct for its government treasury.

• Democracy is a word meaninglessly in empty bellies among the Asian and African millions.

• The Africans believe that the human race's prospects for survival were considerably better when it was defenseless against wild tigers . . . than defenseless now against wild men.

• It's nauseating, but true . . . too many male foreign radicals I meet address each other as "darling."

• The future in Africa is . . . black . . . in more ways than one. The white man is driven out by fear.

• In discussing the news of the \$50 million U. S. aid to Malaysia with a government official of Kuala Lumpur . . . he bowed me over with his comment, "What for?" he said. "We don't need it."

• A Sudanese Negro official, in discussing the racial problem in the U.S., said to me, "The Negro in your country seems to confuse an 'equal chance' with a 'flying start'."

• In spite of the high powered publicity in the U.S., the Peace Corps is a bigger "dreamland," the closer you see it operate. The dedica-

tion of the corpsmen is a far cry from the gray-train of most of its officials.

• Because culprits stole one hair from the beard of the prophet Mohammed at the Muslim shrine in Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, thousands rioted, resulting in deaths and injuries. It indicates how far our world is divided between fanatics, crackpots and religious superstitions.

• World leaders I meet have a faculty of accepting evidence which only agrees with their preconceptions.

• "Send a Singapore student to Moscow and he will return as a violent anti-communist," said a university professor

over lunch at Rotary . . . "but send him to Harvard and he will return a violent RED."

• From the Caspian to the China sea the big problem is hunger, starvation, misery. But in the midst of this inhuman tragedy kings, presidents and politicians continue to build fabulous palaces, surrounded by mile-square gardens and 20-foot walls . . . spending millions on yachts, gold-plated planes and limousines . . . with only lip service and double-talk in behalf of their people. Yet they seem to be idolized by their victims in spite of their greed, lust and power-madness. It's an incredible contradiction.

Our Man Hoppe

Skinny Dippers Talk of Peace

Art Hoppe

All the ace experts have been busy assessing Mr. Johnson's successes with Capitol Hill. And most are saying they're due to his being an accomplished politician. Nonsense. They're due to his being an accomplished skinny dipper.

For, as you've probably read, Mr. Johnson goes skinny dipping every noon in the White House pool with distinguished Congressmen and the like. It's very status to be invited. And there's hardly a Senator who hasn't proudly taken the plunge by now. Except maybe Margaret Chase Smith.

Personally, I feel this is the greatest political strategy ever devised. For Mr. Johnson, a life-long skinny dipper, naturally discusses politics with these guests, most of them city-raised gentlemen unaccustomed to public skinny dipping. And I can conceive of no more awkward moment in life than trying to hold out for a tax cut while not wearing a bathing suit.

So much for Mr. Johnson's domestic successes. Now if he can only apply this political strategy in the raw to international negotiations, he'll have it made. Imagine, if you can, the crucial moment when he meets his most difficult antagonist. In the flesh.

MR. JOHNSON: (nonchalantly paddling around the pool): C'mon out of that dressing room. General. The water's right fine.

GUEST (with dignity): But I cannot find the bathing attire.

MR. JOHNSON: Why, shucks, General. We don't wear swimming suits in here. Got to cut corners where we can, you know. And don't forget to switch off that light in there when you come out.

GUEST: Zut alors! You with me to swim au naturel? MR. JOHNSON: That what you call it? We call it skinny dipping. So c'mon out, just as you are. Unless, of course, you're ashamed of the body the good Lord gave you.

GUEST (outraged): Ashamed! (And he marches out, a tall, lean figure, doing his utmost to appear absolutely unconcerned by whistling a few bars of La Marseillaise.)

MR. JOHNSON: Now I can see why they call you a "man on horseback," General. Just look at them legs. No offense.

GUEST: Sacre bleu! I wish a towel.

MR. JOHNSON: Shucks, you haven't even got wet yet. Now you just take off your cap, General, dive in and relax a spell. And we can have us a nice little chat about Southeast Asia, the NATO multilateral force, the Test Ban Treaty . . .

GUEST (trying to put his hands in his pockets): My position on these matters is quite clear. It is my unalterable stand that . . . that . . . It is very difficult to think. Please, could I not have just a small towel?

MR. JOHNSON: Sure enough. You just sign these here waterproof treaties I happen to have in my hand and we get you a nice big bathrobe, General.

Yes sir, skinny dipping will lead to world peace. For it's men in uniforms and frock coats, flailing away for glory, national dignity and sovereign pride, who cause most of the world's ills. But the naked truth is that no man really gives a fig about these things.

Not without his pants he doesn't.

Morning Report:

Undaunted by minor troubles in Vietnam and Cuba, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara continues his major offensive against our Armed Services.

The last time he tangled with the Army, Navy, and Air Force, he was fighting for a uniform belt to hold up the trousers of our fighting men. I think he won. At least there have been no reports of widespread falling pants from any of the active fronts.

His latest offensive was to set up a single school to train military press agents. To hold up the public image of all three services. With such essentials as press agents and belts unified, I'm sure everybody will get together any day now on rifles and airplanes.

Abe Mellinkoff